"Consider The Lily . . ."

In the glorious Springtime, one of the loveliest flowers the generous Hand of Nature gives us is the lily in all its forms. The following is interesting and practical for us all:

"Whenever I have spoken of the lily, I have always emphasized the example of the water-lily (the Lotus flower), whose whole growth is a continuous struggle. The water-lily must rise from the depths and lift its head above the pressures around it. Then resting on the surface of the very difficulties it has overcome, it opens out its golden petals and feeds upon the sunshine. However, the water-lily does this automatically by the "power that worketh in it". Its means of rising are calculated according to the depths of the water in which natural law has planted it. "There hath no temptation overtaken it", so to speak, "but such as it shall be able to overcome".

As I have pointed out (and I love to repeat the analogy) there is within the stem of the water-lily an apparatus, consisting of an elastic spiral coil, which expands and contracts, giving the lily power to rise or sink as the water deepens or diminishes, so that it may be always just sufficiently above the pressure in which it lives and face to face with the life-giving Sun. That spiral coil is, of course, sub-conscious Cosmic mind, responding to the suggestion of the need of the moment. Our spiral coil, "the power that worketh in us" demands the initiative of our conscious minds".—Wilberforce.

* * * * *

"The water-lily is a beautiful and true symbol of the victory of purity. It means the same as the Lotus flower which forms the head of the Buddha and whose petals unfold as we show forth the risen light (the Christ)—the light which gives light to the whole house (body) whereby we can see everything in the Universe! The stem of the water-lily (or Lotus flower) in us, represents the spinal cord and we must keep it filled with oil (life fluid—joy of living) in order to keep the light burning. If we waste the oil (in riotous living) the light flickers and burns lower and lower until it finally goes out. It is the office of the "virgins" (thoughts and feelings of purity) to keep the light burning in the Temple (body)".—E. M. H.

HOPE

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"EXCALIBUR"

For a moment in silence young Arthur stood by,
The sword from the anvil full drawn;
When it seemed that the Voice of an Angel spake out—
"Sir Arthur is king! Whereupon

He shall wield the good sword whose blade symbols Faith
Which represents Spirit within;
Let this blade burnished bright be reminder that Light
Shall keep the soul cleansed of all sin.

The scabbard that shieldeth the sword that you drew
Stands for Purity of outer form,
So the body which houses the Spirit of God
Must to Chastity's measure conform.

The sword as a whole—it signifies Power—
The handle by which it's controlled,
Humility means:—let the power that you wield
The Code of God only, uphold.

The tip of the blade for Obedience stands
To the Presence of God in the heart.
Put the human aside; heed the Father within;
For without Him, nothing thou art.

'Tis not enough, Arthur, that you wear a crown,
The Cup holding visions from Heaven!
You must bring into practice the Christ Plan for Earth—
For this, you, the good sword were given.

(*Concluded on page* 16)

Also in this issue:

The Good King Arthur How the Holy Grail Reached Britain

The Great White Brotherhood—our Lord Maha Chohan the Holy Comforter

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THE GOOD KING ARTHUR

"Look! Look!" said young Jasen from his dooryard. "Look to the Heavens!"

The people did look but were too astounded to speak, for there shone in the sky a star of exceeding great brilliance, projecting a beam of dazzling light Earthward over Winchester.

Uther, himself, struck with awe, was determined to learn what the sign forebode. Accordingly, he summoned from seclusion the wise magician, Merlin and implored him to explain the meaning of such a strange manifestation.

Even Merlin was moved to tears as he discerned in the sky Britain's imminent danger.

"Only God can help us now," he said, "for he who is now King has met His death by a treacherous means."

"Move, Uther, with dispatch and overcome your enemies," he continued, "for triumph lies within your reach; the crown of Britain shall be placed upon your head and your son shall rule in honor after you."

This happened over a thousand years before the discovery of America when the people of early Britain were yet disunited —frequently quarreling among themselves—tribe against tribe, each under its own petty King. Were a warrior chieftain occasionally to succeed in uniting several others under one rule, the conquered tribes would openly revolt; moreover, the people of the Island were often harassed by enemies from without.

Uther, although somewhat reluctantly, followed Merlin's advice and was surprised at the end of day to have become the victor.

Upon arriving again at Winchester, he attended the burial of the poisoned King and by mutual consent was declared the Ruler of the Kingdom.

In due time, at Tintegal Castle, a son was born to Uther and his beautiful queen, Igraine. Upon hearing of his birth and realizing the possibility of counter attack against Uther, Merlin immediately made plans to have the child carried to a place of safety.

"Deliver him tomorrow to a poor man who shall wait at the postern gate," he admonished Uther.

Now the poor man who received the child at the secret

entrance was none other than Merlin, Himself, in disguise. He carried the child to Sir Ector, one of the well-to-do Lords of the Kingdom and ordered that the infant be christened by a holy man and be given the name, Arthur.

In the stone grey castle built about a courtyard and surrounded by a moat, lived the baby boy with his foster father and mother and their son, Sir Kay.

Arthur was a dreamer. Wholly unmindful that he was an heir to a throne, he spent much of his boyhood in a large wood across the moat from the Castle. He would often lie under the great oaks and gaze at the sky or watch the rabbits and squirrels whisking about or the shy, dark eyes of a brown deer peering at him through the bushes.

Sometimes the silence was broken by laughter and Arthur knew that knights and ladies were riding down the road beside the trees.

Not all of Arthur's boyhood was spent in observing the customs of the castle, or dreaming strange dreams in the forest. As did all the sons of the nobility of his day, he, too, took the training of a page—doing errands for the lords and ladies; holding their horses while they mounted; listening to stories of good saints and brave knights; practicing gentleness, courtesy and graciousness; learning to mount and ride well; to use the sword and lance deftly; to wear and care for armor; and, to follow his knight on the field of battle.

Now it came to pass in the days when Uther was still King, that Merlin appeared unto him and said:

"O King, rememberest thou at the feast of the passover our Lord didst call His disciples together around a table and didst break bread with them; and, having eaten, He took the Cup? After giving thanks He offered it to them saying:

"Drink ye all of it, for this is My blood of the new testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

And Uther answered: "I remember."

"And rememberest thou too," continued Merlin, "how it has been told that after Joseph of Arimathea, Protector of the Vessel, had arrived in Britain together with his company, that a voice spake unto him saying,

'Joseph, thou servant of God, makest ye a table like unto the one that thou didst know in thy native land, and upon it

in the center place the Vessel that thou hast brought with thee, beside it placing the Spear?

Around it in sweet fellowship gather together those of your company, as Jesus did sit with His twelve at the Last Supper; for together ye shall be refreshed and sustained by that Holy Vessel!'

And rememberest thou, as they sat around the table, Joseph and his companions, that one chair was left vacant, as did Judas, the disciple, leave a chair empty when he didst go forth to betray our Lord?"

And Uther replied: "As thou sayest."

"Moreover, it hath been told that this same seat shall remain empty until one worthy enough shall come to occupy it."

Said Uther: "It hath been told."

"Recallest thou too, that it hath been prophesied that on the day of Pentecost (four hundred and fifty-four years after the Passion of our Lord) such an one shall come, worthy to occupy that vacant chair?"

"Thou hast said," remarked Uther.

"So nigh unto us is that hour," concluded Merlin, "that we must now prepare a table (a replica of the original Round Table) around which there shall sit together thirteen knights in sacred fellowship—to whom the truth of the "Sangreal" (the Holy Grail) should be well known."

And so it came to pass that before King Uther died, the Round Table that had been established was given by Uther unto King Leodogrance father of a maiden fair—one Guinevere.

Now it was she whom Arthur, much later, having become King, entreated to become His bride and with Him reign as Queen at Camelot.

In that day for a wedding gift, King Leodogrance, pleased that his daughter should have chosen so illustrious a king to wed, gave unto King Arthur's court the Table Round, and round it Arthur gathered His knights.

While Arthur was yet quite young, King Uther died without indicating that there lived, somewhere in the kingdom, his son, who was his rightful heir. Few knew that there lived in the kingdom a Prince who was the rightful heir to the throne.

Peril and confusion were everywhere supreme. At length

came the day when Merlin counselled the Archbishop of London to call upon all the chiefs and lords of the realm that they should gather together in the great Cathedral on the Thames, for God would show them by a sign who was the rightful King of Britain.

Before dawn on Christmas Day, many had come to the Church of St. Paul's. "Let us pray," said the Archbishop, "that God will show us by some sign who is the rightful ruler of the Realm."

Now when the services were over and they were coming forth from the Cathedral, behold! in the churchyard there stood a great stone square like unto marble, on which was an anvil pierced through with a sword. Upon the stone beneath the sword were the words:

"Whoso shall draw forth the sword from the anvil, the same is he who shall become King of all Britain."

Forthwith many were the lords who tried to remove the sword, but none there were who could move it.

"The one is not among you who shall become King," said the Archbishop, "but we shall appoint guards to watch over the stone until the time when such an one shall appear."

On New Year's, across the Thames from the Church from all over the kingdom were gathered together contestants for the tourney which would determine the rightful heir to the throne. Among the many who came were Sir Ector, Sir Kay and young Arthur who knew nothing of the real reason for the gala affair.

Having passed the churchyard, it suddenly dawned upon Sir Kay that of all things upon this most important occasion, he had forgotten his own sword and left it at the Castle.

"Let me ride for it," said Arthur, as he turned his horse toward the Castle near the oaks.

Upon arriving, however, he found all the doors locked. No one was at home to give him Sir Kay's sword. He was at first sorely grieved to think that his brother should lose the glory of the contest—when suddenly he thought of the sword in the churchyard.

"It's better than none," he thought to himself. "That is the sword I shall take to Sir Kay."

He drew it with ease from its anvil and, wholly unaware of

the marvel he had done, hastened with joy to Sir Kay at the lists.

"Where did you get this?" said Sir Kay in amazement.

"From the block in the churchyard; there were no guards on watch."

Sir Kay made haste with the sword to his father. "See," he said, "I must be the rightful King of Britain, for I hold in my hand the sword from the anvil."

"Let us return at once to the Church," said Sir Ector.

Upon alighting he put the sword again in the anvil and commanded that Sir Kay draw it forth. But he could not move it and so felt ashamed.

"It is as easy as this," said Arthur, lifting the sword with no effort at all.

"*You* are the King of the land," said Sir Ector, bowing low before Arthur.

"But Father," said the boy, "why bow to me and why am I King?"

"I am not your Father," Sir Ector replied. "You are the son of Uther, the former King. Besides, it has been foretold that only he who draws the sword from the anvil is the rightful heir to the throne."

Then all three went to the Archbishop and explained to him all that had happened.

"We shall call all the people together and let Arthur prove himself before them," the Archbishop said.

On January sixth came again the Lords and Barons to the churchyard, but try hard as they could none could draw the weapon. Whereupon, before them all, Arthur stepped forward and placed his hand upon the hilt. As if by magic, the sword instantly responded to his touch and was again in his possession.

Immediately there arose a murmur from the crowd. "It is to be regretted," they protested, "that a beardless boy of so low blood should become the King of Britain," for they knew not that he was the son of King Uther.

On the second day of February and again at Easter, there were great gatherings of people at the cathedral—many of whom tried but none could stir the sword—save Arthur.

As his coming had been heralded by a sign in the heavens, so was his mission as King beyond worldly acclaim. It was his dream that, together with his Knights of the Round Table, he

would establish and sustain a spiritual center through which the purpose and pattern of our Lord might be re-incorporated into the temporal lives of men.

King Arthur, after establishing his Order of the Knights of the Round Table, said:

"Good knights, in patience and humility hath this Table been established which, together with chivalry, shall be the trait of every knight who sits thereat.

None shall be high nor low, but all equal in their service; the worth of each depending on his valor and his natural talents.

Abundantly bestow upon thy fellow knights, Sir Percivale, that gift of your compassion, that each may feel thy love and understanding and be inspired to follow his ideal unto achievement noble.

Blessings upon thee Sir Bors, Sir Gareth, Sir Geraint, Sir Lamorak, Sir Kay, Sir Gawaine, Sir Gaheris, Sir Bedivere, Sir Tristram and Sir Launcelot who sitteth with me at this Table Round.

The vacant chair between Sir Bors and Sir Percivale, it shall be filled by one who shall be pure enough to look upon the Grail from which our Lord didst drink at His final Supper here on Earth.

Thus will be balance made; the stain of sin shall be wiped clean which Judas left upon the chair, the night he left, the Master to betray. Now once again shall be complete the circle round."

All the knights within their hearts longed that they, too, might see with their own eyes that Holy Sangreal.

Spake Arthur then again:

"To My will, "underlings" you shall not be; the laws of knighthood are for Myself as any that sitteth at the same board with Me. More important to Me is My conduct as a knight than is My conduct as a King.

Love of God and man shall be, above all others, the Ideal of this Order.

Being round, the Table symbolizes God Eternal—without beginning nor with end; the center, too, doth represent the Father radiating out in all directions to the circumference of creation.

Each section to each knight apportioned also doth to a focus come, drawing the attention of each one toward the Central Ideal—God. Each space allotted to each knight is likewise in a shape triangular symbolizing Trinity—the three-fold nature of Divinity.

Were the Sangreal to be found and put upon this Table Round, It, too, would at the central point be placed—that we who come to sit in fellowship must needs concentrate upon our singleness of purpose.

As we move about from point to point within this Kingdom, a different place each year at Pentecost (Whitsuntide), there shall accompany us this Table that at it, upon this Sacred Day, we shall renew our vows and wait upon the Holy Spirit to inspire us with His zeal; thus we shall go therefrom repolarized and set upon our tasks enthusiastically to bring unto mankind the actual works—the principles of God made manifest."

Now within a certain year—come Pentecost, while at the Table seated were the knights; there entered a fair gentlewoman—having ridden there full fast to reach the knight Sir Launcelot.

"Come hither, Sir" she said "unto the abbey of the nuns—where doth abide a young man, excellent of character, awaiting by you to be knighted."

"That shall I do," said Launcelot and went with her to the good nuns within the abbey—and there beheld the face of him who waited the bestowing of the honor.

"Tomorrow at the High Feast shall the Holy Ceremony be performed."

Now when the king and queen and all the knights of fellowship returned unto their places, each found inscribed in gold at his appointed place his own name—save one—*the vacant chair* at which place were the words inscribed:

"Four hundred years and fifty-four after that the Passion of our Lord has been fulfilled, there shall come he who shall this chair accept."

"A miracle" they said as one. "This is the day."

Whereupon there entered with strange tidings for the King, a squire.

"Sir" said he, "in yonder stream there floats a stone, with a fair sword thrust through—while on the handle of the sword there reads:

'None shall take me hence save he by whose side I should hang and in all the world he shall the best knight be.'

"We shall look upon such marvel" said the King.

Upon nearing the stone and reading the inscription as had been told them by the squire, the King deemed it wise that Launcelot should have the sword.

"Nay, O King, I must refuse for 'tis a nobler knight than I shall draw it forth."

Then to Sir Gawaine—"I now command that thou shall try thy skill."

"Only because it is my King Who hath commanded me," replied Sir Gawaine—but could not stir the sword.

"Wilt thou essay, Sir Percivale?"

"For love of brother knight that I with him shall suffer should some ill befall the ones who hath essayed to draw the sword and failed in the attempt." Nor could Sir Percivale the weapon move.

So they repaired on the four hundred and fifty-fourth anniversary of the Pentecost unto the court where all sat at the board for their repast—at which Sir Launcelot reminded them that yet that day the adventure of the Holy Cup should have beginning.

With suddenness the doors and windows closed without a human touch. Then in there came a stranger clad in white and with him a young knight, full-armored, but without a sword or shield, though by his side an empty scabbard.

"Sirs, I bring with me" the elder spake, "a young knight of noble lineage, who shall this day fulfill the prophesies foretold about the Sangreal, (Holy Grail)."

Going to the empty chair, he removed the cloth . . . Gone were the words before inscribed and in their place was written:

"Here ought to sit Sir Galahad!"

And that he did!

Next day there was a tourney held, in which the knights took part. Among them all Sir Galahad was victor save for two—Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale.

That evening at the Table Round there sat complete the fellowship of thirteen noble knights when, unexpectedly, they

heard a cracking sound like unto thunder. Then in the room there came a sunbeam of a great brightness and all were filled with the Grace of the Holy Spirit so that none could speak, but looked upon each other in amazement.

Through the hall there passed the Holy Vessel, but covered o'er with samite so that none beheld it but knew it by its fragrance.

Then each one found upon his plate delicious food—such as none had ever before tasted.

Then the Holy Grail departed, leaving in each heart the stirring of a memory of the past when once before they sat around a table and were nourished by a Source as holy.

Again and again have great souls come Earthward bearing a Vision of Universal and World Brotherhood; filled with the hope of drawing into the substance of the Earth the glory of the Kingdom of Heaven. Time and again have their efforts been foiled by the shadows of human consciousness which clouded that vision.

So it was with Good King Arthur. He figured again in English history, coming into embodiment in 1478 as Thomas More, bringing with him that same Utopian dream of the Ideal State. Again, he served as a page—this time to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a student at Oxford University; successful at practicing law; accepted a number of important government posts and finally became Lord Chancellor of England. Because he disagreed vehemently with the political intrigue of his day, he was accused of high treason, cast into the London Tower and beheaded in 1535.

In 1775 our hero King (Arthur) again came to the British Isles, embodying this time in Ireland as Sir Thomas Moore. Following his graduation from Trinity College in Dublin, he took up the study of law in London in 1799. He is better known, however, as the Irish poet who gave us our best loved ballads—among them, "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

At a much earlier date in history, he was Melchior, one of the three wise men who followed a star to a manger in Bethlehem.

Like the Master Jesus, our Good King Arthur is now an Ascended Being. He is known as the Master El Morya (See Feb.-Mar. 1956 issue of Hope). He is closely associated with beloved Jesus and still holds His vision of world brotherhood. It is now His desire to see it externalized through us.

It is a beautiful story, indeed, this coming into embodiment era after era, of these noble ones from Heaven's Realm, bringing illumination and leadership to a bewildered humanity, directing its attention to the way back home—to that Ascended State of which Jesus set so salient an example. It is not for our Lord alone that the Resurrection and Ascension were possible and accomplished by Him. Life, itself, requires that every member of the human race shall arise out of the misery which it has created for itself and return unto the Father—to that Ascended Master State of joy and happiness.

It is because we are living and thinking far beneath our possibilities of achievement that we look upon Utopias as visionary and impractical. We must realize that the God Who made us all willed for each one the most exquisite perfection. The thinking and feeling consciousness of the great Universal Omnipresence Who governs this Universe immediately exemplifies that which is within Itself. Therefore, is it not inconceivable to the thinking man or woman that the end of the road is death? Is it logical to think that after living, loving, studying and coming to a certain realization of *being*, that the magnificence of life should be cut off and, after a certain interlude, *back again* should come an unconscious, unthinking infant, not even capable of controlling the organs of the body, the sight in the eye, or the tongue? The thinking men and women must understand clearly that the Divine Design of the Universe is far more than this. The Master Jesus said: "Ye are Gods" and to confirm that His statements were not *too* fantastic or that He was buoying up hopes in that which could never be accomplished in the minds and hearts of men, He added: "If it were not so, I would have told you."

It was to bring again this spiritual "refreshment" to the hearts and minds of mankind that Good King Arthur gathered around himself the Knights of the Round Table as Jesus had gathered together His several disciples—that each might be inspired to become the God that He is!

HOW THE HOLY GRAIL REACHED BRITAIN

On that Sacred Thursday, after the disciples and the Master Jesus had finished the Last Supper and had gone to the Mount of Olives, they left the Cup of Communion on the table. It was Mother Mary, Herself, Who gathered and folded away the linen table cloth which She had woven so carefully. After She, together with some other ladies, had straightened up the room so that it might be returned to the landlord in perfect order, She carefully wrapped the "Cup" in a napkin and gave it to Joseph of Arimathea for safe-keeping until such time when the Lord God would give Them directions for carrying It thither.

After the days of the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and the Ascension of the Beloved Jesus from the Hill of Bethany had been accomplished, those who had been apprised of the coming of the Holy Spirit prepared a table for the first Pentecost ("I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter—even the Spirit of Truth—for the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My Name, He shall teach you all things")—John XIV 16-17,26.)

Matthew was the keeper of the funds and it was his responsibility to secure an upper chamber where the disciples might meet right in Jerusalem. Here the first baptism of the Sacred Fire from the Maha Chohan (Holy Spirit) poured through them, giving them that comfort which their hearts so much desired as well that confidence and faith which their souls required. These virtues they had formerly received from their proximity to the physical Presence of Jesus, but it had seemed to recede from them with His ascending form from the Hill of Bethany.

However, when the radiation of the Holy Spirit poured down upon them here in Jerusalem, the disciples were fired anew with unquenchable enthusiasm, so that they desired to go forth and preach the Gospel. *Now* they felt *a thousand times stronger* than they did even when they were in the actual Presence of the Master Jesus!

We can imagine the relief this must have been to Mother Mary, for during the ten days between the Ascension and the Day of Pentecost (Whitsuntide), the disciples leaned heavily upon Her for faith and confidence, after the seeming loss of the immediate association with their Friend, Jesus.

For a time the little "flock" abided in comparative peace, planting grain, flax and trees. They sheared their sheep and wove their garments of wool. In the evenings they worked together writing the simple Gospels. The women sewed and embroidered while the disciples taught any who might come to them for instruction.

Then came the time when Joseph of Arimathea, who had great business holdings in the British Isles, prepared to journey to the Mendipp Hills to oversee his rich tin deposits and the Lord God spake unto him saying: "Joseph, take with thee the Beloved Mother of Jesus and others whom I shall appoint. Carry the Holy Grail westward to the land which shall sanctify It further in the days that are yet to come.

Now Mary was indeed glad when She received the invitation, for She had been previously advised by Her Son that, while She yet remained upon the Earth, it would be necessary to carry the "Cup" to Britain. Therefore they gathered together Peter, James, Bartholomew, Nathaniel, Aristobulus and Mary of Bethany to join Joseph's caravan to go west.

Being a man of great wealth, it was Joseph's custom to employ galley slaves to man his boats, but Mother Mary suggested that the "Cup" should not be carried by slave labor—to which Joseph readily agreed. So from among the Christians of their little band, enough were found who volunteered to man each oar when winds did not provide sufficient motivating power for the sails.

When the Beloved John gave the benediction to that dedicated group, as they prepared to set forth from Judea that final morning, all felt the Presence of the Beloved Jesus with them.

After having passed Alexandria in Egypt, they went on to the island of Crete, near Greece, for a month's stay. Here Jesus appeared visibly unto them and by their prayers and devotion they prepared a Holy Atmosphere where later the "Great Persuader," the Apostle Paul, brought the light of the Christian Dispensation.

At the Portuguese tip of the Iberian Peninsula, Mother Mary and a small group with Her, disembarked to make a pilgrimage through Portugal, Spain and France—stopping at

Fatima, Lourdes and Orleans, where they prayed each time for the great souls who would be brought forth at a future time to bless the people there.

In northern France, they again met Joseph of Arimathea who, together with the other members of the caravan, made the trip across the English Channel. Rough and cold indeed was the passage over the channel waters but all were made comfortable by the woolen cloaks which the ladies had woven from the warm wool of sheep; even so, there was little privacy and very great proximity among them—some of whom were comparative strangers who had joined them along the way. Yet, they completed the journey in harmony.

When they set foot upon the shores of the British Isles, it was Mother Mary Who carried the "Cup" with Her own hands. As they knelt on the sands and prayed, the Beloved Jesus again manifested visibly to them and gave the first benediction and ceremony of the Holy Grail.

They spent some time in Glastonbury, where they reverently secreted the "Cup" in the bottom of a well until that future time when some brave sons of men might choose to seek It out for the blessing of their generation.

Even to this present day, the discerning pilgrims who make the journey to the ruins of the Glastonbury Abbey and who visit the Holy Well at the foot of Chalice Hill, feel the Presence of Sanctity in the pulsating ethers which are alive with the essence and nature of the Christ and the holy men whose memory is hallowed there.

A bronze plaque near the Well outlines the legend of the Holy Grail, telling of Joseph's visit and how he placed the "Cup" in the Well for safe-keeping until he would come again and claim it himself or send a trusted Messenger. It is said that this Holy Grail or "Cup" cannot be seen by the eyes of the profane.

There is still in use a little stone chapel where St. Patrick was once an abbot and where He used to preside at Divine Worship. At this spot Mother Mary, Herself, found and nurtured the infant who, in a future embodiment became the Mighty St. Patrick. It was Her prayers, invocations and devotions and those of the people with Her, which sanctified the place into which the great Saint walked years later, not realizing the preparation made for Him by those who went before.

It was His feeling of the Sanctity of the place which gave him the zeal and strength to bring the Christian faith to Ireland.

It was from these same British Isles that the great Francis Bacon (better known as Shakespeare) envisioned and desired to establish a United States of Europe, hoping to extend it to the rest of the world, *if it were successful.*

It was here, too, that Good King Arthur established His court and drew the knights around Him at that first Round Table, awaiting the Visitation of the Holy Spirit.

They had qualified for that experience—those knights—when, in an embodiment several centuries earlier, they had with their strong arms beat a pathway through the Mediterranean and manned a galley which carried Mother Mary and the "Cup" to Glastonbury. . . .

A VISIT TO GLASTONBURY

Excerpts from the diary of a student-pilgrim to Glastonbury Abbey, England, during the month of May 1948.

These lines are penned as we sit by the side of the Holy Well, in which the Holy Grail was placed by Joseph of Arimathea when he visited England after the Crucifixion of Jesus. This well is situated in a secluded corner of an old English garden at the foot of what is called "Chalice Hill." We stopped here on our way down the steep hillside and were glad to rest after climbing the high eminence of Tor Hill in order to look at the stone edifice on its summit, which commemorates the martyrdom of the last abbot of the Abbey at the time it was pillaged and destroyed by order of the Crown many centuries ago.

The house and garden are now used as a Boys' School and one must enter the house in order to visit the Garden. The well has a bronze covering which is held in place by a stout lock and key. The custodian undid the lock and raised the cover so that we might look inside. He told us that the well is said to have been built two hundred years B.C. and is of the same architecture as the pyramids, with the difference that this well is built *below* the surface of the Earth.

He also said that no matter how dry the surrounding country gets, this spring gushes forth at the rate of 25,000 gallons of water per day. Besides the well, it feeds a large swim-

ming pool for the boys and then meanders off down the hill, blessing man, beast and nature as it flows.

The garden and well are not the property of the Abbey Custodians today, as they are about a mile from the ruins, but in days long past, all of the country hereabouts was owned by the monks.

The ruins of the abbey are surrounded by a high stone wall and only the walls of the different buildings are standing. These are all covered with English ivy; the grass all around is a vivid green and to see the place bathed in the sunlight of a glorious May Day was a never to be forgotten treat for the tired senses.

Part of the legend of the place is that Saint Patrick was abbot here once and we visited the little stone chapel (still in use) where he used to preside at Divine Worship. It is said that a company of Druid priests lived at that time on the summit of Tor Mount and that Saint Patrick learned many of their secrets which helped him in the conversion of pagan Ireland somewhat later. It is part of the story that when his mission to Ireland was finished, he returned to Glastonbury where he spent his declining years and is buried in one of the vaults of the abbey.

Legend also says that King Arthur established his court here and the open grave in which he and Guinevere were said to be buried may be seen on the grounds. We also looked at what is said to be the exact spot where Sir Bedivere (one of Arthur's knights) cast the sword "Excalibur" into the lake at the King's dying request. The lake has long since dried up and the site is now a green cow pasture.

These are only a few of the many interesting things in and about this hallowed spot.

"EXCALIBUR"—(*Concluded from page 1*)

As you lift it up high with the point toward the ground,
"'Tis a Cross that you hold in your hand;
The two-edged blade, a dual purpose conveys
Of service to both God and man."

"The vow I now take," he responded in thought
"Defender of Truth shall I be!
Oppression, injustice, and bondage shall cease;
With this sword I shall cut mankind free!"

(*The above poem describes an activity which took place on the Feast of Pentecost during the days of King Arthur's Round Table.*)

SEEKING THE "HOLY GRAIL"

The story of the Garden of Eden is no myth! Time was, when the Earth was very beautiful and all mankind lived in a state of peace, harmony and plenty. They walked and talked with the Angels. The "Silver Cord" (so referred to in the Bible in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes) which is the stream of life energy flowing from each one's own individualized God Presence and anchoring within their heart (chalice or personal "Holy Grail") was very wide. They were imbued with the Holy Spirit and entrusted with unusual powers—*for they chose to do only the Father's will.*

Now, the various planets serve as homes and classrooms for the life evolving upon them. Those who learn their lessons well, move on into wider experiences. They who do not keep pace with the accelerating vibratory action of their System must, of necessity, be left behind to try again elsewhere, should there be any possible classroom (planet) in the Universe which would receive them. Such persons are called "laggards" so far as their own System is concerned.

Time was, when the Earth people, living in their Edenic Paradise, became host to such "laggards" from other Systems, hoping to give them new opportunity for their evolution. It so happened, however, that the people of Earth, who were their host, permitted the discord and inharmony of the "laggards" to register within their own consciousnesses. They began using their abundant God-power destructively, creating distortion rather than perfection, until Earth's people too became enmeshed in the very shadows they had offered to dissolve.

By now, the mankind of this planet has woven about himself a cocoon of discomfort, disease, pain, limitation, loneliness, disintegration and death. He no longer walks and talks with the Angels. His heart-grail has sunken into the deep well of flesh. The wide stream of life energy (his "Silver Cord" referred to above) pouring from his God Presence to the chalice within his heart, has thinned to almost a thread. He has become an exile from his "Garden of Eden." His soul cries out for the comfort, encouragement and inspiration of his God Spirit which he has either forgotten, or previously willfully pushed aside in his determination to experiment with life his

own way. He is constantly seeking (by whatever name he chooses to call it) that "Holy Grail" and the blessings which It alone can give, not realizing that It is right within his own beating heart!

Age upon age since mankind's "fall" from his state of Edenic consciousness, have great Avatars come earthward, bringing illumination, instruction and encouragement, pointing out to him "The Way" out of his self-imposed predicament. Those who have uplifted their heart-grails to receive the beneficent outpouring of such Avatars, have been greatly blessed and have likewise become a great blessing to their fellowmen. Among such were the disciples who followed the Master Jesus. At His "Last Supper" He offered them the "Cup" of so-called "wine" which was, after all, merely symbolical of the life of the Spirit. However, as the disciples took this Cup from Him and drank of it, He poured into their heart-grails the radiation and actual light substance of His highly evolved consciousness which was a certain strength and sustenance to them for the rest of that embodiment.

Again, at Pentecost (Whitsuntide), less than six weeks after, when these same disciples gathered together in the "Upper Room", the Holy Spirit poured into the chalice of their hearts His "Fire" of Divine enthusiasm and power from the "Cup" of His consciousness. This inspired, invigorated, illumined and revitalized their lives, giving them mastery over outer circumstances and conditions. It was this same Holy Spirit which made Itself felt at the Round Table of King Arthur when that circle was completed, Sir Galahad having appeared and occupied the one vacant seat at the Table which had never previously been filled. Then were all the Knights "fired" with the enthusiasm to search without ceasing until they had found the "Holy Grail" individually—the "Cup" of Perfection which, in their remote past, they had once known but which they had excluded from their lives for the satisfaction of the senses.

Sir Gawain was the first from the Round Table to make the vow to seek the Holy Grail. Whereupon the other Knights made a similar vow.

King Arthur's heart was grieved at their going. He had loved them as a father loves His illustrious sons. He knew the beautiful fellowship with them (which was so dear to him)

would be broken, never to be revived in that Earth life. Moreover, He knew that their departure portended the dissolution of His entire kingdom, since their combined strengths were needed to assist Him with the government. (One hundred fifty Knights altogether eventually qualified to sit with King Arthur at the Round Table which, of course, had to be greatly enlarged from the original). He was aware, too, that few, if any, of that very fine company would qualify to see the Holy Grail.

However, a vow is a vow and he would not stay them. Those who ventured forth to find a grail of material wealth (things which would supply their earthly needs) failed upon the Quest. There were many who perceived the deeper meaning for which the outer symbol stood—those who sought *inner contact* with the Divine Source of life, but even though their inner perceptions of Truth were clear, it was still possible for them to fail in their endeavors *to become Truth themselves!* This was true, either because of some past sins which they had not yet expiated; because they were overcome by some temptation in their path; or because they could not pass their initiations successfully.

The habit of the outer consciousness of mankind in general is always to look outside himself—to someone or something outside his own immediate world. He has become so used to depending on the doctor for his health; his employer for his supply; the policeman or the lawyer for his protection and the minister for his salvation, that he has completely forgotten that his God—the Source of his very breath and heart-beat—is right within his beating heart (his personal "Holy Grail") and that *that Presence there* will answer every sincere call to It for help. The Bible admonishes us: "Be still—and know . . . *that* I AM! (God)". Many, many are the promises to mankind all through the ages: "Call unto me and I will answer you . . ."; "Seek and ye shall find"; "Ask and ye shall receive"; and Beloved Jesus has promised us: *"If ye shall ask* the Father anything *in My Name* He will give it to you!" What a wonderful and comforting promise and *it really works when we give it an opportunity so to do.* The "Father" to which He refers is right within our beating hearts as It was within His beating heart. Jesus not only *believed* this but *He lived it,* every moment of his lovely consciousness. He proved it to all men and also said:

"The things that I do shall ye do also *and greater things than these shall ye do . . . .*" Let us each give His Way a fair trial and, when tempted to be disturbed by the imperfections in ourselves or others which trouble us from time to time—let us obey that Heavenly Voice which says: "What is that to Thee? Follow thou me!"

YOU ARE A "HOLY GRAIL"!

Every man, woman and child, with hands and heart uplifted toward the Heavenly Father, thus becomes a "Holy Grail"! The essence of spiritual grace received by them through such uplifted consciousness, radiates from them as the gift of their lifestream to their fellowman and then to the Universe.

First, the Grail must be filled at the spiritual fount by giving daily attention to the Source of our very being, the actual Presence of God anchored within our physical hearts. This Presence *there* is the actual life *which enables the heart to beat.* Second, the feelings of love, tolerance, healing grace and benediction must be given *freely* and *impersonally* to all life. Thus is fulfilled the dual activity of true prayer—receiving from God and giving to our fellowman!

A story is told of a wise King Who ruled His people with love and wisdom. One of his counsellors kept constantly reporting to him the evil doings of the inhabitants of the Kingdom. Finally, the King gave a mission to this counsellor. He was to carry a Cup throughout the entire Kingdom, which Cup was brimming over with a special healing elixir. If he spilled one drop, he was to die! The counsellor, intent upon his task, passed through the jostling multitudes all through the day but returned victorious to the King, with his precious elixir intact. Not a drop had been wasted, although its radiation of healing had given assistance to hundreds. The King smiled at him upon his return and asked: "How goes it today in the Kingdom?" The counsellor answered honestly: "I know not of any man's doings but my own, for I was intent upon fulfilling the mission which Thou didst give to me".

So it is in our every-day living. The most sincere and earnest of us so often lose the vision of our own mission, which

is to carry our own Grail with Its gifts of kindly interest in the welfare of others and loving helpfulness to them. Thus we hold ourselves untouched and untroubled by the discord of others. In allowing our attention to be drawn from our true mission *by our contemplations of other's errors,* we do not hold our own Cups steady, letting them raise and comfort all the life we contact.

Let each gentle reader now determine within himself to fill his own "Holy Grail" (his beating heart which holds the life of God, our Heavenly Father) with thoughts and feelings of forgiveness, understanding, tolerance and happiness, letting the healing radiation of such consciousness flow out to all he meets. Thus do we become more and more oblivious to the faults of others in making all life better and more comfortable because we passed that way!

THE GREAT WHITE BROTHERHOOD

Lives of Great Men and Women—

OUR LORD, MAHA CHOHAN

The great Universal Spirit of God is constantly radiating blessings to mankind through His Divine Messengers Who have qualified to act as "conductors" of certain specific aspects of His Divinity. Through countless ages, these Beings have prepared Themselves to embody and radiate particular Virtues, each Being becoming the image and likeness of his or her Heavenly Father (as Beloved Jesus did). Then They offer to give Their perfected consciousness to any and all of the still unascended mankind of this earth *who will accept it,* to help them develop once again their true expression of Divinity.

One of these consecrated Beings represents the Virtue of Comfort, which *feeling* is so much required by mankind, animal and elemental life upon this planet. His service is to give the *feeling* of Comfort to all who earnestly seek It through prayer and contemplation of the Heavenly Father. For centuries, this Being (referred to in the Christian Church as the Third Person of the Holy Trinity has developed the capacity to become a Comforting Presence to *all life.* He is known to the occultiest and the mystic by the Name of Maha Chohan (meaning "Great Lord").

The descent of the Holy Spirit upon the disciples that first Pentecost (Whitsuntide) enabled them to quickly expand their spiritual powers and accomplish much more than would have been possible otherwise, in endeavoring to establish the teachings of their Master, Beloved Jesus, in the outer minds and feelings of the people of their day.

Again, at the time when King Arthur's Court was gathered together asking for help in finding the Holy Grail, the Holy Spirit led Galahad to Arthur's Round Table and, through Galahad, a few of the purer Knights who set out to find the Holy Grail were finally rewarded with a vision of the Sacred Vessel.

To all men and women gathered in the "Upper Chamber" (the seeking consciousness), *the Holy Comforter comes!* By whatever name mankind may call Him, His spirit and *feeling* of Comfort is always available to the earnest, sincere, humble and distressed. Let us now prepare to actually receive within ourselves the *feeling* of this comforting Presence of the Holy Spirit, consciously inviting Him each day into our minds, bodies, worlds, homes and affairs. This blessing is even more easily obtained during the season of the celebration of the Resurrection of Jesus, His Ascension and the ten-day period which preceded the answer to Jesus' promise: "For if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you. . . . but if I depart I WILL SEND HIM UNTO YOU!"

To all our gentle readers who need Comfort, we recommend the rhythmic daily raising of your attention, your love and your hearts, to the beloved Spirit of Comfort (Our Lord, Maha Chohan) knowing that Jesus' promise to His disciples is equally available to everyone. . . . "I will send Him unto You!"

PRAYER

My own beloved Heavenly Father, I thank You for the knowledge that the Spirit of Comfort does abide within this Universe and that a focus of Its beneficent Presence is anchored right within my beating heart. I am so grateful that the *feeling* of that Comfort is instantly available to me at my call, as I consciously accept it. I am grateful, too, that I may apply to this great Being for the *feeling* of Comfort for my own soul,

my loved ones and for all mankind, especially those who either know not how to pray or will not do so.

Beloved Holy Comforter, COME! Enter into my being and world today. Take and hold immediate and eternal possession of them, as well as the beings and worlds of all mankind. By Your God power of Divine Love, bring individual, national and planetary Peace and Comfort through the grace which is the very essence of Your Being. Sustain and expand that Peace and Comfort here forever!

WHITSUNTIDE

Love Divine—light sublime—
  Blaze through each heart today;
Raise all! Hear our call—
  "Teach us Thy perfect way!"
Come, Holy Spirit! expand through each soul—
  Let all Thy powers of light now take hold;
Possess and rule us all ways—
  Friend of ages past, draw us Home at last—
COME!

Whitsuntide, planet wide
  Is Thy release of power!
All heal—God reveal—
  Freeing more life each hour.
Pallas Athena and Thy Flame of Truth—
  Strengthen, protect and illumine our youth.
Dearest Maha Chohan—
  Comfort all today; teach all Wisdom's way—
COME!

Spirit spark in each heart
  Living on Earth today,
Rise! Shine! Love Divine
  Now takes command for aye!
All the Christ powers of light now It brings,
  In grateful happiness every heart sings:
"Free you shall ever be!
  Free all life to bless; free in God success—
FREE! FREE! FREE!"

(Melody: "Sweet and Low.")